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# In Memoriam

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Carrie Estelle Wentworth

Willard Eugene Wentworth



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In loving memory of Carrie Estelle  
Wentworth and Willard Eugene  
Wentworth, who were drowned at  
Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, on  
July 13, 1888, this record is pub-  
lished by their Parents.  
August, 1888.

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## In Memoriam.

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Willard Eugene Wentworth, of Newtonville, Mass., and Carrie Estelle Fry, of Syracuse, N. Y., were married on June 7, 1888, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Marshall Fry. The account of the ceremony in the Syracuse "Journal" was as follows :

"Late yesterday afternoon the sun, who had been hiding his face behind gloomy clouds, shone out in summer splendor, eager, as it seemed, to throw light upon the beginning pathway of a happy couple. Miss Carrie Estelle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Marshall Fry, was married to Mr. Willard Eugene Wentworth, of Boston, at the family residence in East Genesee street, by the Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The bride, who, by her musical talents and culture, as well as by her lovely nature, has endeared herself to many people in Syracuse and elsewhere, was attired in a rich, white silk robe, and looked charming, though becomingly serious. Flowers in profusion and tasteful arrangement added their perfume and bright colors to the joyful occasion. Two horns of plenty suspended in the doorway between hall and parlor, and the tiny flower marriage bells (*arbutilon*), swinging in the rim of the graceful canopy of flowers, under which the couple stood during the ceremony, proclaimed in unmistakable language the good wishes for a happy married life of bridegroom and bride. Very many and choice presents testified to the same effect,

the love and kind feelings of the many friends of the youthful pair. Music and elegantly served refreshments added their attractions to the joyous occasion. The bridal party took their departure last night for Boston, their future home, and will spend their honeymoon in the White Mountains."

After a leisurely journey eastward, and several days spent in Boston and its vicinity, the young couple repaired to the home of Edmund Davis, a farm house previously selected for its seclusion, commanding a charming view of lake, forest and mountain, near Lake Sunapee, N. H. Here, in riding, rambling, reading and writing, with an occasional row on the lake, was spent four weeks of happiness, such as few are permitted to enjoy. The Davis family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their daughter Nettie, a cultured and interesting young lady, became much attached to the young people and deeply interested in their welfare.

On Friday, July 13th, letters received from Boston made it desirable that Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth be in that city the following week, and they had resolved to depart from their quiet retreat the next day. Wishing to utilize all the remaining time, a row on the lake was proposed, but the time before dinner was short and the lake being somewhat rough, on the advice of Mr. Davis the project was apparently abandoned and a walk to the boat landing was substituted. This walk, winding as it did

down a steep bluff, amid rocks and boulders, usually consumed twenty minutes. As the clock struck eleven they left the house in a particularly frolicsome mood. So noticeably was this the case that Miss Nettie, for the first time during their stay, went out upon the porch and watched them till they disappeared from view, admiring and enjoying the bright happiness so seldom seen upon earth.

They did not return to dinner. This fact, owing to thier previous punctuality, immediately caused uneasiness, which soon grew to anxiety. Near neighbors were notified and a search was instituted. The boat was soon found tied to the shore. It contained a few inches of water, and an umbrella, closed and dry, standing against the forward seat. The boat was one-fourth of a mile from the place of their departure. The woods and rocks in the vicinity were searched that night and the next day. The families of the missing couple were notified and the father of each repaired at once to the scene, taking charge of the proceedings, and learning that the boat had been found adrift by fishermen, and that they had taken it to the shore and fastened it in the place where it was found. This fact pointed to but one conclusion: The unfortunate couple were in the lake! A systematic search was at once commenced. Public sympathy was aroused; people gathered at the spot from far and near; hundreds of

willing hands, prompted by kind hearts, gave time and material to the work of grappling, the use of explosives, and all the means usually employed in such emergencies. Divers were finally sent for, and after three days of searching the bottom, success crowned their efforts. Two weeks from the day of their disappearance the bodies were found, in thirty-one feet of water, clasped in each other's arms as if asleep. Mr. Wentworth's watch had stopped at 11:45 o'clock. The transition from bouyant life to cold death had indeed been short. A double casket was made, the bodies were placed therein with the last embrace unbroken. The stricken fathers who had labored so many days under such peculiarly discouraging circumstances, bade good-bye to the many kind friends who had been untiring in their sympathy and assistance, and with all that was left of their dear ones returned to Newtonville, Mass., where in the family lot in the beautiful cemetery of that town, in the presence of friends and relatives, with brief but impressive ceremonies, husband and wife were tenderly laid in their last resting place.

Loving friends of each being desirous of publicly expressing their regard and appreciation of the young couple, memorial services were held in the churches of their adoption at Newtonville and Syracuse, at the same hour, 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday July 29th.



## Memorial Services.

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The services in the Plymouth Congregational church in Syracuse, in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth were opened with the hymn "Abide With Me," sung by a choir of eight voices. The singers were Mrs. G. A. Sears, Miss Corey, Miss Hattie Adams, Miss Kate Stark, Robert Sutcliffe, Frank Howlett, A. W. Palmer and F. C. Mills, with Mrs. S. E. Fuller, organist. Rev. E. N. Packard then read appropriate selections from the Psalms, followed by "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," sung as a solo by Mr. Sutcliffe with an accompaniment by the choir. Mr. Packard then delivered the following impressive address:

"A few weeks ago there went out from us one who carried with her no common measure of affection and hope. She went forth from the home of her childhood and youth with a man who had commanded the highest respect and esteem from all who had known him here and from a larger circle in his own home in Massachusetts. And now we are gathered here in God's presence to pay a brief tribute to their memories and invoke the blessing of Heaven on their bereaved families. While we meet here, where the young wife had her home and kindred, another like company of his friends are meeting in his home for the same purpose. Our prayers and hymns and our loving recollections will

be mingled together before One who is nigh unto all that call upon him. There are not here the usual signs of death. The pall, the bier, the prostrate silent form—these are wanting. We are permitted to think of them as they left us, with no marks of change upon them, nothing to destroy the fair picture that will always hang on the walls of the memory.

They went from us with no common prospect of happiness and prosperity. The young husband was a man of established character, trained in a Christian home, reverent toward all things religious, ready to yield to the deep Christian influence of his wife, strong to take up with her the burdens of work in the world through the bright years that seemed to be before them. Bound together by no common degree of affection, they lived for a few short weeks, and were about returning from their lovely summer retreat, to set up a home of their own, when the agonizing word was whispered about that they were missing. A few days settled the fact that they had gone out upon the lake near their temporary home and had been drowned. But still the agonizing questions came: How and where? All that skill, directed and impelled by eager love, could do was done to search the bottom of the deep lake for the dread secret that was hidden there.

At length the search was rewarded. Locked in each other's arms, they were found sleeping, were brought to the surface and buried yesterday, thus in their last embrace. 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided.' So their mortal remains now rest in one grave in consecrated earth, and the spot can be visited by affection and hope hereafter. It is well. We feel happier (we scarce know why) to know where these remains lie. We are reminded of the lines of 'In Memoriam' in which the poet is glad that his friend Arthur is to be brought back to England to be buried:—

“So bring him ; we have idle dreams ;  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies ; oh, to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems  
To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,  
Than if, with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathoms deep in brine ;  
And hands so often clasped in mine  
Should toss with tangle and with shells.”

“It is well also that we come to the House of God, to mingle our prayers for the afflicted families and to inquire of the Lord what is his further will concerning us, and what lessons he would be teaching us, were we to be still in his presence and listen to his voice. This church was a home to the young bride from early childhood. Here twelve years ago she consecrated herself to Christ’s service as a member of his flock on earth. Possessing natural talent for music, and having enjoyed an abundant cultivation in that wonderful world of sounds, of promptings and suggestions, she freely gave what she had to the service of her Master, and for years was one of the choir of the church. Her voice has been mingled with our holiest hours of worship and praise. She laid at the feet of her Saviour her uncommon powers, and he, we believe, accepted the sacrifice and service of her faith. In the secret records of the other world there may be found, perhaps, the transactions between the God whom we worship and serve and the hearts of his trembling children who address themselves to the task of setting forth His praise, or His truth, in His house. The most holy offices, we know, alas, too well, may be discharged in a light and flippant spirit, or in a perfunctory and irreverent way. The use of musical gifts, even in worship, is too often regarded as an occasion for personal display, or as an exercise of skill in the presence of critics,

I say may be so. But when high entertainments are consecrated to God, whether His word is said or sung, whether the heart is reached by the appeal of reason or the charms of sound, it makes no difference. He who seeth in secret marks the true offering and is well pleased with it. He also alone knows the secret fear, the nervous alarms, the depressions of the soul, the burden of subtle anxiety till the task is done, the dissatisfaction after it is done. These are almost inseparable from all public service, and especially from worship and the preaching of the word. They are a part of the labor done for Christ. They are a part of the sweet incense ascending to him, even though to us they merely signify human infirmity and unfitness.

“Throughout the history of God’s people the service of song has held a high place. Provision was made for it in the law. When Solomon and David were in their glory, the temple worship must have been, beyond words, magnificent, with its hundreds of trained singers, and of players on instruments; with the noble strains of the psalms of the sweet singers of Israel filling the air, what must it have been? No wonder the heathen required of them mirth by the waters or Babylon, and said: ‘Sing us one of the songs of Zion!’

“In the sanctification of the temple under Hezekiah, you remember that when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also and that it was continued until the burnt offerings was finished. And we remember that when the Israelites were sore pressed by an enemy greater than themselves, the king appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness as they went out before the army, and to say: ‘Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever. The shout of victory preceded the conflict. So whenever we catch a glimpse of heavenly felicity in the Book of Revelation we can hear the new songs filling the air.

"Thus, in the appointments of God himself, those who can lead in song have no common privilege and honor. It is permitted them to interpret feelings that otherwise never reach expression; to suggest thoughts and hopes that will never come into orderly shape in our prosaic lives; to bear the soul on strong wings up to the gates that are commonly unseen by us; if seen, stand barred as yet to our entrance. Men are not argued into the kingdom but born into it. Until the feelings are reached there is no persuasion effected. And this final persuasion is often secured by the irresistible power of a song to the Lord.

It is well, then, that we gather here to express our thanks to God for his service rendered for many years in public worship. But we are not here merely to indulge in grief, however sincere it may be, and however strong the call to its indulgence. We come with our griefs to the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort to be enfolded by his love and to think of all his goodness. The disciples, when the poor headless body of John the Baptist lay before them, went and took up the body and told Jesus. So we may to-day. Let us spread our sorrows before Him, draw closer to Him and find His strength coming to our hearts. I am sure He will permit us all to feel that there are many relieving features in this bereavement.

"We have in Mrs. Wentworth a character of rare attractiveness to enjoy in memory. Nothing can change it now. Life often is a disappointment. Its morning sky grows overcast and its sun sets in clouds. Sorrow and danger stand round us on every hand. Some live too long. Death is not the supreme loss. Let us be happy to-day in this secure possession in the remembrance of a remarkable attractive personality. And this beauty was not all of earth. Grace came in to impart the divine nature which makes the human nature all the more perfect. The kindness she showed, that spirit of self-sacrifice, that cheerfulness, that bright, sunny disposition tell us not that they

were natural qualities! They had their roots in the new nature. They were fruits of the spirit! For what fruit does the Holy Spirit produce in us but the very virtues that we call natural, and which ought to be natural, were we not fallen. The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness so we read. Common goodness, we should say, is the immediate fruit of the Spirit in the soul. Ah! goodness is not so common as to be a native fruit in the soul of our hearts! The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-restraint; against such there is no law!

“For all this then let us thank the giver of all good gifts to-day. Let us think on those, who in a world where there is so much imperfection and disappointment, were good and spoke to us through their lives of the land that is inhabited only by the holy and the good!

“We all know that for her, whatever it may be to these parents and this family, to die was gain. The beauty and bliss of heaven followed swiftly on the gladness and brightness of earth. Souls often reach heaven as ships come in from long and hard voyages, bearing marks of storms and alien skies. Or they pass through the gates as veterans of the battlefields. Others have had trials as martyrs of faith:

‘They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through trouble, toil and pain.’

“But to her, this ‘friend of ours that lives in God,’ there was little of all this. A life of sunshine, growing happier all the while is succeeded by no night shadows, by another morn risen on mid-noon. Some one has voiced the imagined prayer of one caught away from the evil to come in these words, which have been handed me to read:

‘While I am beautiful, bear me away,  
Let me not wait for a lingering decay;  
Shriveled and wasted I would not become,  
While I am beautiful, carry me home.



While I am happy, oh let me depart!  
Let me go thence unstricken in heart;  
While 'round me hope's garlands are fresh in their bloom,  
Oh, bear me with singing, away to the tomb!

Over my pathway the heavens are clear,  
'Round me are gathered friends loving and dear,  
Smooth is my pathway and bright is my sky;  
Ere the clouds gather 'tis better to die!

Then turn not upon me those grief-stricken eyes!  
Rejoice, oh, rejoice, that I thus can arise;  
That beautiful, happy and glad I depart;  
With no cloud on my brow and no grief in my heart!

“An unconscious preparation had been going on in the lives so suddenly ended for the exchange of worlds. In this we have great reason to be glad to-day. We could speak of this, no doubt, in the case of the husband as well, did we know the facts. But we are familiar with the history of the young wife. This preparation was in part found as we see now in the extraordinary happiness that crowned her days as they came. She often spoke of this happiness; it seemed to her something that required accounting for. Her love for the man of her choice was deep and pure and life spread itself before her as a scene of peace and happiness. All the little plans she made seemed to meet with success. Her will needed no crossing and she had her wishes met. Friends stood around her and she carried away many tokens of personal affection, sending back a hundred notes and letters in the past few weeks in acknowledgment and remembrance. She was perfectly happy, and so remained up to the last moment of conscious existence, save for the short struggle in which she passed beyond. No forebodings of change haunted her. No thought of peril entered her mind. Death approached her as a strong and kind angel, unseen till the instant of his touch, and then seen only by us, not by her. Why may we not fancy that to her it came as an alleviation (in the swift thinking of those who drown) that her husband was still

with her? And why shall we not believe that all those months of perfect happiness were the prelude to those 'pleasures forevermore at the right hand of God?' Why should not joy fit for heaven as well as pain and sorrow?

"But there was a higher preparation going on of late. Her religious nature was called out into uncommon activity. She was much in prayer. The common hymns to which she had become familiar for years took on a new meaning. On the last Sabbath of her life, she joined in the hymn we often sing, 'Safely Through Another Week,' and on reaching home spoke of its beauty and power, singing it over again. 'Safely Through Another Week!' And may she not now sing it in the land where there are no days nor years? Has not God led her safely through the flood? the last hymn she sang for us in this place was rendered with peculiar tenderness and power:

'One' sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I am nearer my Father's house to day  
Than I've ever been before.'

"This unconscious preparation is only the hand of God leading on in his own way. It tells us how he environs our common days with his mercies and prepares us for the journey as he sees fit, and the journey for us as well. Mary did not know that she was preparing the body of Christ for burial when she broke the box of alabaster and poured the precious ointment over his head, but the promptings of love were wise and met the need of the hour. We may thus serve our Lord without realizing it, and He serve us, though we know it not till afterwards. It was when Jacob had risen and recalled his dream that he said: 'How dreadful is the place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!'

"And this truth of a present Christ, shaping out our path and preparing us for each step in the onward way, fitting those who are appointed to be heirs of full salvation for



entering their inheritance, brings us to another. I can speak words of comfort to the bereaved. For he who was leading his servant along, week by week, turning her thoughts more and more to himself, is also preparing you to endure this loss and to find out of it a gain. One love is round about you and her. The same hand guides and will hold you up when your feet are almost slipping.

“Abundant tokens of sympathy and love will be granted you from all parts of the land, wherever there are hearts that have bled as yours are bleeding now. We may say with truth that the country itself, through the myriad voices of the press, is interested in your great bereavement and that many a tear will be dropped in secret by those who will never see your faces. Let this *human* sympathy, which has such real power in it, be to you a part of the help vouchsafed you by the gracious Father. Let it represent to you imperfectly the wealth of His loving care, and through it let grace daily come to you for your trial. Fly from the God whose ways are so dark and mysterious to your thoughts, to the God revealed to the heart, who is love itself and who, within the veil, sits ever the same, gracious and merciful, loving those whom He chastens and providing better things for you in His future manifestations of goodness.”

Miss Stark sang, “One Sweetly Solemn Thought,” followed by “Cast Thy Burden On the Lord,” rendered by the choir. The former hymn had been a favorite with Mrs. Wentworth. It was the last she sang in Plymouth church, and the words were deemed especially appropriate to this occasion.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer home to-day,  
Than I have been before.

*Chorus*:--Nearer my home, Nearer my home,  
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,  
And nearer to the crown.

Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Perhaps than now I think.

Rev. C. C. Creegan then offered the following prayer:

"Oh, Lord, our God, how excellent is thy name in all the earth. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth or the world, from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thy love to us is infinite; Thou hast manifested that love to us in many ways, but especially in the gift of thy dear Son, Christ Jesus, through whose atoning death we are saved. It is not always as light and cheerful in our souls as is the natural world in this beautiful day. The clouds sometimes gather about us and sorrow almost overwhelms us. Then it is that we get light from Thee, Thou source of all light. We have gathered in Thy house to-day that we may sit for a time at Thy feet and learn of Thee. Thou hast promised to comfort those who mourn, and to be our burden bearer. We thank Thee, oh, Lord, for the words which Thy servant has spoken. We especially thank Thee for the comforting promises which have been brought to us from Thy Word. We thank Thee for the inspiring words of song which have helped and blessed us. We thank Thee that we do

not mourn as those who have no hope, for Thou art the Resurrection and the Life, and Thou hast taught us that those who trust in Thee shall never die. We thank Thee for the pure, noble lives which were lived by our dear friends who have been taken from us.

We thank Thee that many have been helped to live better lives by the inspiration of their example and we are brought to feel to-day that heaven is very near us and we can almost hear the voices of those who so recently sang to thy praise in thy earthly temple joining in the song which is sung by the Heavenly choir. We thank Thee for those things that do not die. Thou art an ever-living God, and Thou hast prepared a home for us, that we may be forever with Thee. We thank Thee for the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God, and that our spirits are to live forever if we have similarity of character with God and his Son, Jesus Christ. Oh, Thou, Blessed Savior, while here upon the earth, Thou didst mingle thy tears with those of Mary and Martha and their friends at the grave of Lazarus and Thou hast the same sympathising heart to-day. Therefore, we beseech Thee to hear our prayer in behalf of the family here present and that other family in a distant city who have been called to pass through this great affliction and who are bound together in a peculiar manner because of their common sorrow. No human words can bring to them the consolation they need. But we thank Thee that Thou hast already been their burden-bearer and hast enabled them to sit with childlike trust at thy feet and say: 'Thy will be done.' We thank Thee for the power of human sympathy. And we pray that Thy richest blessing may rest upon that large company in this city and in the distant city, where memorial services are now being held, who have expressed sympathy by the spoken word, by letter or in loving acts. We also pray for thy blessing to rest upon those sympa-

thizing friends who gathered about the beautiful lake which for a few days entombed the mortal remains of our friends, rendering helpful and loving services to heart-stricken parents. Lord, we pray that Thou wilt sanctify this affliction to us all, and especially to the dear young people of our church and also of that other community. We pray that Thou wilt teach us to so number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom. Impress us with the fact that we are one day nearer our eternal home, and that we know not how soon or how suddenly we may be called to go. We pray for the forgiveness of our sins, for pure hearts, that we may see Thee All of which we ask in the name of Christ, our Redeemer and Saviour. Amen.

The choir sang, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," and Rev. W. A. Rice dismissed the congregation with a benediction. The altar had been covered with flowers and vines for the occasion, and portraits of the young couple, wreathed in blossoms, were visible upon the altar table. Many lingered to look at them at the close of the service. A noticeable floral piece was the gift of "The Ten Fair Fryers," a cooking club of young ladies of which Mrs. Wentworth was a member.

## In Newtonville.

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Services in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, similar to those in Syracuse, were held at Newtonville, Mass. The Boston "Herald" of Monday, July 30, contained the following:

"Memorial services were held in the Methodist Church, Newtonville, yesterday afternoon, as a tribute of respect to the late Mr. and Mrs. Willard E. Wentworth, who were drowned at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, two weeks ago, and whose remains were interred in the Newton cemetery on Saturday afternoon last. The family and a delegation of the Newton Outing Club occupied seats in the front of the church, and the auditorium was completely filled by the large gathering present from various sections of the city. The pulpit platform was appropriately decorated with foliage and cut flowers, and in the center an easel was placed, on which were suspended pictures of the young couple. On either side of the easel beautiful floral tributes were placed, one a broken column, from the Newton Outing Club, and the other, a pillow, from the families of the young couple, inscribed 'Our Children.'

"The services opened with the organ voluntary, after which the quartet sang, 'Henley,' and Rev. George S. Butters, pastor of the church, read selections from the scriptures. A second rendition by the quartet preceded the address by Rev. Mr. Butters. The speaker alluded to the excellent characters of the young couple, and the lessons to be gathered from their lives. A little more than 26 years

ago a baby boy had entered a Christian home. His childhood days had cheered his parents, and in boyhood and manhood he had driven many a dark cloud from their horizon. God had blessed his parents in him. In his school-days he won the confidence of his comrades, and with the advent of manhood his quiet character and gentlemanly conduct endeared him to a large circle of friends. When he went out into the world he worked his way from office-boy to the position which he held at the time of his death. He was worthy of trust and his advancement was rapid. His leisure moments were devoted to gathering useful information, for he had a love and taste for knowledge.

"A beautiful girl was born, one who at the early age of 14 gave her heart to Christ, and who from that time until her death, led a life consistent with that of a true follower of Jesus. She developed musical tastes, and her beautiful voice was a delight to her friends. While pursuing her musical studies in Boston, she met young Mr. Wentworth. An acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love and the union of two trusting hearts. They were married by Bishop Huntington, at the request of the bride, as he was an old and very kind friend. It was an impressive ceremony, the Episcopal marriage service, with its beautiful, solemn words, being read. They went out into a future bright with promise, and sought a quiet retreat where they could enjoy each other in loving companionship, planning for each other's future pleasure and looking forward to a happy life together.

"It was not to be, and God called them home. They passed into the great beyond, clasped in each other's arms. The cloud seems heavy, but it has its silver lining in the beautiful light of God's promise. We may not penetrate the divine mystery, but we are assured that it is well with them for whom we mourn in this hour of bereavement.

"Speaking to the members of the Newton Outing Club,

Rev. Mr. Butters said: 'You who have known this young man, feel a just pride in his strong character. Could he address you he would urge you to live nobly, with high ideals before you, that your lives might not be in vain.' In conclusion, the speaker urged his auditors to live so as to merit God's approval, imitating the goodness in the lives of others, and looking forward to the future in the peace and rest of the eternal home.

"Prayer and the singing of 'Rest,' by the quartet, brought the impressive exercises to a close."

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